

STAPLES OUT OF STEP WITH HIGH LIVING COST

Some Foodstuffs, Such as Bananas, Oranges, Rice, Coffee, Maintain Prices

DECREASE DAILY BUDGET

A Few Commodities That Stick to Price

- BANANAS, 15 to 20 cents a dozen. Nuts, 25 to 30 cents a pound. Prunes, 12 to 15 cents a pound. Rice, 8 to 12 cents a pound. Coffee, 16 to 35 cents a pound and up. Oranges, 40 to 60 cents a dozen. Grapefruit, 60 cents a dozen. Fish, 12 to 30 cents a pound.

After reading the papers and hearing the people talk nowadays one would think that everything except postage stamps and drinking water had joined the chorus of the high cost of living. But 'tis not so. One has a job coming; for, on deep investigation, one will find that some things are just as good as prices as they were "before the war."

Among these modest things that have not entered the riotous race of prices are nuts, prunes, bananas, rice and some kinds of fish. Simple folk who desire to confine themselves to the cost levels of former days might sustain themselves without enervation by a proper combination of these foods. Coffee could be used as a beverage, for, too, has not advanced in average price. One could use prune juice as a sweetener.

"But, confound it," snorted a banana wholesaler on Duck street, "the people won't eat what's cheap. They hear everything is way up in price and they want to pay high prices or they think things are no good. The higher the price the more they buy, and they turn up their noses at things that don't go up in price."

Bananas are good food. The natives in the tropics almost live on 'em, and bananas would be a big sight better for folks in this country than some of the stuff they eat. The last shipment that came in was sold at 15 cents per 100 pounds, as against 12 cents last year. They retail at fifteen to twenty cents a dozen for good-size fruit. Philadelphia eats a shipment a week from South America, but it could eat a lot more if the people would buy 'em.

Rice stands at the same price as formerly. There was a good crop last year and the demand for it is not excessive. People as a rule think they are "cheap" if they don't get much rice, they blush and stammer when they tell their neighbors about having it for dinner. But a pound of rice swelled up by proper cooking will fill—oh, it will fill ever so many stomachs. And with the exception of the fatty food element, rice contains practically all the life-sustaining necessities. Rice sells at from eight to twelve cents a pound, according to size and quality of grain.

The prune—the luscious boarding-house prune—still offers its services at its usual price of twelve to fifteen cents a pound. The prune is said to be food experts to be the best of the dried fruits, because its chemicals are used in its preparation as are used in drying other deciduous fruits. And the prune has more sugar and real food elements than most fruits. Doctors recommend it to convalescents.

Nuts, such as English walnuts, almonds, Brazil nuts, sell at twenty-five to thirty cents a pound, which is the same level as former years, the grocers say. Peanuts are much cheaper if bought by the pound. Nuts are said by food experts to furnish more food value, dollar for dollar, than ordinary meats. If properly maintained they are easily digested, they say.

As to coffee, it is the one very common grocery staple which has not mounted in price. South America is still on the job as a coffee producer. Prices range from sixteen to thirty-five cents and higher, but the average is the same as in former years.

Fish generally has advanced five or ten per cent over last year's prices, but this advance is very small in proportion with the advances in many other food articles. Much fish is eaten, but more would be of advantage to consumers both in food cost and health, the fishermen say. They have a plentiful supply from Canada and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, as well as the Atlantic coast to the south. The fish are frozen in chunks and not broken apart until they reach the retailer.

Retail prices in Philadelphia vary according to quality and the place of sale. Haddock sells for twelve to fifteen cents a pound; weakfish, twelve to fifteen; trout fifteen to twenty; whitefish, ten to twelve; sea bass, fifteen to eighteen; cod steaks, twenty to twenty-five; smelts, twenty, and halibut, twenty-five to thirty.

"People do not seem to care much about prices," said a grocery buyer for one of the larger stores this morning. "They get accustomed to a certain standard of butter, for instance; they may try oleomargarine for a time, but in the end they will return to their favorite grade of butter, no matter if it has gone to sixty cents a pound."



AUGUSTEA ELEANOR KADISCH Eighteen-year-old Camden girl, whose marriage tonight will be the outcome of a joke at a leap year party.

LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL FOLLOWED BY WEDDING

Camden Girl "Popped Question" in Jest, but Acceptance Was Genuine

"Will you marry me?" asked Augustea Eleanor Kadisch, eighteen years old and pretty, of Louis Winter, Jr., at a leap year party February 20, 1916, at Miss Kadisch's home, Locust street and Kaighn avenue, Camden.

"You bet!" was the reply, to the amusement of the gathering. "Right away, if you wish it."

They said Miss Kadisch went red to the ears and left the room in embarrassment, but Mr. Winter insisted that he meant it and intended to take the tip. He did, and in Schuylken Park a few months later he asked the question and Miss Kadisch made the "I will" answer.

The outcome of that leap year party and proposal will be the marriage tonight of the young couple in the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, Stevens street below Broadway, Camden.

Miss Kadisch is a graduate of the Camden High School a soloist in the church and prominent in Camden social circles. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kadisch.

Mr. Winter is twenty-six years old and resides at 2019 Orleans street, Philadelphia. He is connected with the Franklin Baker Company, of Philadelphia, and is prominent in German-American circles.

The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Thilo Gorr, pastor of the church. Miss Frieda Kadisch, a sister of the bride, will be maid of honor, and Miss Lillian Kadisch, and Miss Winter, a sister of the bridegroom, will be bridesmaids.

Harry E. Schoenbut, a member of the firm of A. Schoenbut & Co., toy manufacturers, of Kensington, will be best man. The ushers will be Otto F. Schoenbut, of Philadelphia, and Albert G. Gohl, of New York. Miss Katherine Morris will be flower girl, and the ring bearer will be Master Edwin Hess.

The bride will wear a creation of broad satin, with imported Italian lace, and will carry roses and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor will be attired in blue taffeta, trimmed with silver lace, and will carry pink roses. The bridesmaids will wear gowns of pink taffeta, trimmed with silver lace.

More than 200 invitations have been issued for the wedding, which will be one of the largest held this year in Camden.

The young couple will go to Florida for their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at 4813 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia.

"Publicity is our only chance," said Henry D. Cruger, the father, today. "I hope to make my daughter's face familiar to every man, woman and child in the land."

"FRANCESCA" FINE ON MANY A COUNT

Music, Drama, Decoration Blend Into a Beautiful Whole in This Opera

There were many angles from which last night's performance of "Francesca da Rimini" might be viewed. The first production in New York of Zandonati's music drama was reported at that time in the EVENING LEDGER. Last Saturday a further analysis of the music was given. But neither music nor new value seemed a more important phase of the whole at Broad and Poplar streets than those two great and neglected factors—drama and decoration.

Doubtless Mr. Gatti took a chance in exporting to this city such a work. If he did, his sporting blood may now resume its calm. For "Francesca" was a success with Philadelphia; musically, dramatically, decoratively; also popularly. That is most vital. Perhaps the general acclaim, that met Aida and Martinielli, and Amato and Bada and the rest, and that kept the house crowded till quarter past 11 may be laid largely to the rare beauty of the adornments. The Metropolitan has been a shameful laggard in the matter of imaginative splendor on its stage. Having made a brave and winning effort to do the decent thing in the great way with "Boris," it has followed that up with its superlative setting for Zandonati's opera. It must have returned to the conventions which have made "Trovatore" a husling and a byword. It must give us more visions like those of Aida and Bianca that, last night, turned our eyes liquid with delight. The magnificent design, the perfect atmospheric accord of it all. It takes no student of the Middle Ages to grasp and relish such pigment and placement—the court of the Podentini, swimming in cool light against a changeless sky; the delicately gauded pendillings of slim trees; maidens silhouetted against the heaven; or the just as formal yet more barbaric battlement, with its golden and blue brickwork, ruddy steam rising from the bowels of molten metal to be cast down on the enemy, and, again, figures against the sky, or the severely planned stone square, with its gimpings of yellow light through the casement, where the lovers are betrayed. Or, least of all, the room of her whose mouth was like a flame—the walls hung with dim gold, turning to twilight lavender in the night before white maidens had danced and departed.

Fine, careful and sentient as is the score of Zandonati, one feels that "Francesca" is superb and touching, first because of its story. D'Annunzio is a worthy poet, and has written worthily his aspect of a great love. But a poor poet could hardly have spoiled the libretto. It would be hopelessly easy to spoil the very heart of the entertainment. Last night, at high emotional key, the singers did superbly in their playing—except Mr. Martinielli at times—and well in their singing. To the lyric and plastic quality of her acting Miss Aida added much beauty of tone. Mr. Amato, whose vocal artistry can always curiously be measured by the force of the character he takes, was good as this slender in Boker's tragedy. Mr. Bada surprised one sharply with the power of his emotion. Nor must the admirably balanced and restrained conducting of Mr. Palanca be forgotten.

All this wealth of good art in spite of a temperature that ecaped all former tortures by heat at the Metropolitan. How brain-baked auditors can be expected to follow a story, much less appreciate subtle bits on the stage or in the orchestra pit in such a climate, is not understandable. The traveling Hippodrome show took its ice plant away too soon. B. D.

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MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

What Dicky Said About Jack's Letter

"IS SHE asleep?" I asked the question in a hushed voice as Dicky thumbed from his mother's room.

"Yes," returned Dicky shortly, and going to the table sat down and picked up a magazine, utterly ignoring me.

I knew, of course, that he must have resented the way I pushed him from me when he had attempted to make up for his mother's coldness by caressing me in her presence. But I was not prepared for this cavalier treatment.

How I regretted the impulse which had made me repulse Dicky because his mother was looking at us with cold, satirical eyes! If ever I wanted Dicky to be untruffed and to feel kindly toward me it was when I had anything unpleasant to say to him. I knew he would resent Jack's letter, and yet I felt that I ought to show it to him.

But it is never my way to postpone unpleasant duties. I have always felt that if I were condemned to execution I would not ask for a reprieve. I would rather have the awful business done with at once.

So I mentally bided myself to brave Dicky's displeasure, and said quietly: "Can you give me a few minutes' time, Dicky? I have something to tell you."

Dicky put down the magazine with a bored air. "What is it?" he asked shortly. Involuntarily, my thoughts flew back to the exquisite courtesy which had always been Dicky's in the days before we were married. There had been such a delicate reverence in his every tone and action! I wondered if marriage changed all men as it had my husband.

"I received a letter this morning which I wish you to read," I said.

"Oh!" Dicky stiffened. "I suppose from his precious nipa, Brother Jack?"

"It is from Jack, certainly," I said, ignoring Dicky's sneer.

"Well, let's have it." I went to my room and brought the letter back to Dicky. He read it through, and I saw his face grow blacker with each word. When he came to the signature, he turned back to the beginning and read the epistle through again. Then he crumpled it into a ball and threw it violently across the room.

"See here, my lady," he exclaimed. "I think it's about time you came to a showdown over this business. When I found that first letter from this lad I asked you if he were a relative and you said 'No.' Then you hand me this touching screed with its 'dearest' and 'my darling' and 'my dear' and 'my love' and 'my fortune. Now what's the answer?"

"Oh, hardly a fortune, Dicky," I returned quietly. "Jack has only a few thousand at the outside."

I fear I was purposely provoking, but Dicky's sneering, insulting manner roused every bit of spirit in me.

"A few thousand you'll never touch as long as you are my wife," stormed Dicky. "But about are evading my question?"

"Oh, no, I am not," I said coolly. "That real relationship between Jack and myself is so slight as to be virtually nothing. It would be the same of a distant relative of my mother's. Perhaps you remember that on the day you made the scene about the letter you had just emphasized your very close friendship for Mrs. Underwood in a fashion rather embarrassing to me. I recalled that, to speak vulgarly, 'what was sauce for the gander,' etc., and that I would put my friendship for Jack upon the same basis as yours for Mrs. Underwood. So when you asked me whether or not Jack was a relative I said 'No.'"

"That makes this letter an insult both to you and to me," Dicky said venomously. He sprang to my feet, trembling with anger.

"Be careful," I said, icily. "You don't deserve an explanation, but you shall have one, and that is the last word I shall ever speak to you on the subject of Jack. His letter is the truth. I am his 'nearest kin,' save the cousin in Pennsylvania, of whom he speaks. He was orphaned in his babyhood and my mother's only sister legally adopted him and raised him as her own son. We were virtually raised together, for my mother and my aunt always lived near each other. Jack was the only brother I ever knew. I'm the only sister he had. When my aunt died she left him her little property with the understanding that he would always look after my mother and myself. He kept his promise loyally. My mother and I owed him many, many kindnesses. God forbid that I ever am given the opportunity to claim Jack's property. But if he should be killed—I sobbed upon the word—I shall take it and try to use it wisely, as he would have me do."

"Very touching, upon my word," sneered Dicky, "and very interesting—if true." He almost spat the words out, he was so angry.

"It does not matter to me in the least whether you believe me or not," I returned frigidly. Dicky jumped up with an oath. "I know it doesn't matter to you. Nothing is of any consequence to you but this—his sipping out an offensive epithet. If he is so near and dear to you, it's a wonder you don't want to go over and bid him a fond farewell!"

I was loathful to keep back the tears. As soon as I could control my voice I spoke slowly.

"The reason why I did not go is because I thought you might not like it. God knows, I wanted to go. I would have closed the door and locked it and fell upon the bed, a sobbing heap."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

W. C. BULLITT TO EXPLAIN REAL FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

Public Ledger Correspondent Will Show That America's Future Safety Depends Upon Enforcement

The Public Ledger will publish tomorrow an article by William C. Bullitt, of its editorial staff, and special correspondent in Germany, showing that the freedom of the seas is more than a phrase designed to cover Germany's attempt to cripple British sea power. Mr. Bullitt, in his article, presents arguments to uphold the contention that the proposition is strictly American, and has an interpretation much broader than that popularly given to it.

Mr. Bullitt shows how President Wilson interprets the phrase and advances new and pertinent reasons for enforcing the demand for unhindered passage of merchantmen in time of war. He holds that this doctrine is of vital importance to America today as one means of averting the menace of a German-Russian-Japanese alliance after this war ends.

Mr. Bullitt will speak tonight at the annual dinner of the Economic Club in the Bellevue-Stratford, where the subject "What is 'The Freedom of the Seas'?" will be discussed. Other speakers will be Henry C. Stowell, of Columbia University law faculty, and Maurice Leon, international lawyer.

VIOLATED AGREEMENT, MILK PRODUCERS CHARGE

NORTH WALES, Pa., Feb. 21.—The Lower North Penn branch of the Montgomery County Milk Producers' Association, at a meeting at North Wales, pledged its members to sell their milk to the association only. It was asserted that some Philadelphia dealers have not kept faith with the association. It was said that by a verbal agreement, the producers were to receive six cents a quart for their milk from November 15 to January 5, and five and a half cents during January and February. It seems that the six-cent price was paid, but some dealers would not pay five and a half cents during January and February. Now all milk will be sold to the association and marketed at a standard price in Philadelphia.

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